The Tailor's Apprentice

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The Tailor’s Apprentice

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Summary

"For a tailor you really aren’t upholding the signs and expectations of your profession.” Hannibal teases, stepping closer and taking off his soaked coat.

*“Tailor’s **apprentice.** My father is the actual representative of the profession.” Will retorts, coming around the counter to peel Hannibal out of his vest. “To what do I owe the pleasure of your company, Hannibal? I didn’t expect to see you until tomorrow night.”*

Notes

Day 19 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Nineteenth Century

This story has so little tailoring in it that it should be criminal... a bait and switch of epic proportions... hopefully you enjoy the fisting instead! <3

See the end of the work for more notes

When Will Graham first meets Hannibal Lecter he imagines the man is as unassuming as every other wealthy patron who enters his father's shop. The Grahams have a long, proud history of tailoring only the finest clothing, bespoke suits being their speciality. Hannibal, and the rest of the Lecters, are very well-to-do. With his father's recent death Hannibal has taken over as the man of the house, caring for his mother and his younger sister Mischa.

Will especially enjoys making dresses for the sister when he's allowed to help with the clothing; she prefers bright colors and intriguing prints that make her stand out from the other drab, monochromatic members of society.

Rain is pouring outside, heavy sheets of it obscuring the world through the windowpane when Will hears the sound of the front door opening. Who in their right mind would be visiting the tailor in *this* weather? Will's father isn't even in today, choosing to stay home and work on drafting a few new commissions in his sketchbook rather than braving the weather. He'd sent Will to clean and tend to the store, but Will never expected to see anyone.

"Hello?" Hannibal's voice is tentative, as though he's unsure if he should be inside. Will's heart leaps into his throat, and he goes to him, a smirk on his lips as he drapes himself over the counter.

"You are mad to be out in the rain. Just look at your boots - filthy!" Will chastises, and Hannibal's mouth twists into a wry grin when he sees him.

"You're one to talk, always in some state of disarray. For a tailor you really aren't upholding the signs and expectations of your profession." Hannibal teases, stepping closer and taking off his soaked coat.

"Tailor's *apprentice.* My father is the actual representative of the profession." Will retorts, coming around the counter to peel Hannibal out of his vest. "To what do I owe the pleasure of your company, Hannibal? I didn't expect to see you until tomorrow night."

Hannibal's smile grows teeth, his eyes glinting in mischief. "I wanted to see you before. Make sure you were truly ready for tomorrow's events. It's a lot, beloved, to consider. I want you overwhelmed but not distraught."

Will sighs, plastering himself to Hannibal's front even through his wet clothes, uncaring for the rain water. "You worry too much, *Sir,"* Will taunts, leaning on his tiptoes to press a soothing kiss to Hannibal's down-turned lips. "I am prepared, we've done a similar scene together before. You've planned for everything and we have no worries, darling. Now, since you've come all this way, and we're *dreadfully* alone, why don't you take me into the backrooms and we can *practice."*

Hannibal's eyes flash dangerously, full of desire as he takes Will by the hand and practically drags him to the back.

Will's body is trembling before Hannibal has even tightened the last restraint on the breeding bench, though whether the reaction stems from hesitation or anticipation, he isn't really able to say. He feels the weight of every eye upon him, his imagination spinning out of control as he pictures the dozens of individuals packed into the room to watch them. He can't even be certain everyone in attendance is even bothering to watch their scene - his bench faces away from the audience by design - and all he can do is stare at the back wall or let his head hang heavy between his shoulders to gaze down at the floor growing slick with his perspiration and pre-come.

"Are you comfortable, darling boy?" The heat of his lover envelopes him as Hannibal drapes over his back, voice low and intimate next to his ear.

"Yeah," Will rasps out, his throat dry and voice hoarse already, his excitement making him equal parts nervous and heady with desire. "I'm good, Sir. We can start."

He shivers when Hannibal's heat leaves him, returning quickly as his Dominant runs a confident, reassuring hand down the length of his spine. "All these lovely people came to watch you, darling," Hannibal begins the scene, his voice projecting now to the crowd as he strokes tenderly along Will's flank. "What do you say we give them a good show?"

"Yes, Sir," Will answers immediately, obediently, and so very grateful that though his voice comes out meek and demure, it doesn't shake with the nerves twisting his stomach into knots.

"I've got a surprise for you, sweet boy. Would you like to see what it is?"

It is most assuredly not a true surprise - Hannibal would never blindside Will with something during a scene they didn't discuss beforehand. But that isn't the game they are playing for this scene. "Yes, Sir," Will nods, eyes ahead.

"You like it when your Sir gives you gifts, don't you?" Hannibal pets along Will's trembling flank as he croons sweetly to him. "Such a spoiled little thing."

"Yes, Sir," Will repeats, letting his voice go breathy - not a difficult feat when his heart is in his throat, blocking the air from his lungs. "May I please have my present?"

The sound of Hannibal's pleased hum sends a shiver spilling down Will's spine, every inch of his bare skin breaking out into gooseflesh. Though he knows what's coming, the gasp that is choked from his throat is entirely genuine as Hannibal secures the first clamp over his pebbled nipple. The second follows the first not long after, and Will can't stop the barest squeak of a whine as the largely unfamiliar weight of the clamps pulls heavily at his chest.

"Do you like that, darling?" Hannibal asks him, his voice almost unbearably smug. He is perfectly aware Will likes it, and he most likely can smell the arousal pouring from Will as he considers what comes next in their scene.

"Yes, Sir," Will moans weakly, essentially admitting to all in attendance that he enjoys being hurt.

Hannibal makes a show of pulling a small bulbous contraption from the pocket of his dark grey slacks. Slacks that Will had helped tailor for the man just a week ago. He crouches down in front of Will and holds the device up, making sure Will sees him cover it in a thick oil before he disappears behind him.

He shifts in his restraints, head spinning as his cock leaks copiously and he can feel Hannibal's heat crowding close behind him. He can never be quite sure whether his arousal surges due to the novelty of trying new things, or from the heavy weight of all the eyes regarding him.

Will gasps and squirms as much as his bonds allow when Hannibal's thick fingers find their way to the tight, pink furl of Will's hole. His flesh parts willingly for the man, two of his digits sliding into Will to hollow out a space for himself.

As though Hannibal can read his mind, he bends low to purr his approval into the flesh of Will's ass, kissing his way up Will's spine until he reaches his ear. "So greedy for me, sweet boy. Is it the new toy, or is it the audience watching you act like a wanton whore?"

"I don't know," Will gasps honestly as Hannibal crooks his fingers to brush his spot just before dragging his other hand away from where it has been keeping Will steady. "Both. Fuck. *I don't know, Sir."*

Hannibal's fingers are suddenly out of Will and he feels painfully empty, a pitiful whimpering cry pulled from his throat in his desperation.

He isn't left empty for long, Hannibal quickly replacing his fingers with the flesh-warmed metal of the item he'd shown Will moments ago. They've played with it before; the device meant to help spread Will and prepare him to be taken, though tonight it will serve an additional purpose.

Will *keens* at the sudden sensation of being so full, the bulb wider than Hannibal's fingers or even his cock, spearing Will open around it without mercy.

Hannibal soothes a hand down his sweaty back, murmuring to him softly to check in with him. When Will gives a shaky *I'm fine, Sir,* Hannibal speaks louder for the crowd. "It's so much, isn't it my good boy? It's alright, just breathe for me, I've got you. I promise to make you feel incredible."

"More, please," Will grits out between his clenched teeth, heart slamming in his chest as he imagines the stretch and burn of *more.*

Instead of more fingers, Hannibal yanks cruelly on the chain connecting his nipples, pulling his chest towards the floor and sending jolts of fire directly to Will's cock.

"Fuck!" Will's voice feels shredded already and they've barely even started. His thighs tremble as Hannibal pulls away long enough to slide a short stool between them, spreading Will's legs out even further. Will's legs try futilely to pull together when Hannibal slaps at his balls without warning, the pain searing through him and followed quickly by pleasure.

“You’re being so good for me, sweetheart. Such a perfect hole for me to play with,” Hannibal praises him, dragging the device out of Will nearly to the tip and then slamming it back in again.

With his other hand, he moves his pointer finger against Will’s rim, teasing just the tip into his ass and past the metal before pulling it back out. Will hears the slick sounds of more oil being applied and then he feels Hannibal’s finger again, this time more insistent when it presses inside, the tight ring of muscle parting slowly for him.

“Sir-” Will whimpers, trembling against the bench he’s strapped to; his limbs shifting restlessly against their restraints with little result.

“Shh. Let me in, boy. I know you need it, know you want to be filled up with me.” Hannibal presses a soft kiss to Will’s lower back, his breath just barely ghosting over where Will feels himself being split in two. He whines, low in his throat, and arches his back more deeply, attempting to spread his thighs even wider to accommodate Hannibal.

“That’s perfect, darling. Just like that,” Hannibal praises again, hooking his finger against Will’s rim and *pulling.* He leans down to lick along where he has Will’s hole spread open, and Will shivers as fresh tears threaten to spill from his red-rimmed eyes.

“You look beautiful like this, Will. Spread wide open for me and dripping slick and warm down your thighs. I could play with you all night.”

Hannibal removes his finger from Will’s ass and uses his now free hand to spread Will open wider for his viewing pleasure, the weight of his regard settling thickly on Will and causing his stomach to clench with arousal.

“Sir, please,” he begs, pressing his belly to the bench and elevating his ass even higher, presenting himself wantonly to Hannibal. For the first time since the start, Will recalls they are being watched, nearly thirty strangers standing around in various states of undress, taking in everything happening on stage.

Hannibal is moving around behind Will, and Will grows restless with his need. Hannibal settles once more on the stool between Will’s thighs and pours even more of the tacky fluid down Will’s crack, letting it pool at his rim and spill down his thighs until he feels covered.

When he’s so slick he feels drenched, Hannibal finally enters him again, this time with three fingers all at once. Will whines at the stretch, but presses back into it, desperate for more already.

“Please, Sir. Need more,” Will gasps as Hannibal sinks even deeper into him, his fingers brushing along Will’s walls and against his most sensitive spot.

“And *more* you’ll get, darling,” Hannibal assures him in a low murmur, already pulling back in preparation to slip in once more. “Just be patient, sweet thing. You know I’ll always take care of you, don’t you?”

He presses in again, reaching deep and spreading his fingers wide to stretch the muscles that cling to him, and Will mewls at the sensation. “Yes, Sir. So good to me.”

“That’s right,” Hannibal agrees, curling his fingers to strike that spot deep within Will as he pulls back again. “And *you’re* so good for *me.* So pliant, so needy. You’ll take anything I choose to give you, won’t you pet?”

The question is punctuated with another digit slipping into him, and Will can only *keen* in response, his body and mind desperately and futilely attempting to work out how to deal with being so *full.* The probing warmth of his Master’s tongue twists around his rim once more, dips into him where his fingers splay and spread Will wide, and Will can no longer contain the overwhelmed sobs that wrack through him.

Tears spill down his cheeks, hot and wet, even as his traitorous body writhes within the confines of the bench to push back, to silently seek *more.*

Will isn’t entirely sure he can *handle* more.

He’s still not entirely sure that means he wants to stop, though.

“I’d say that’s an enthusiastic *yes,”* Hannibal speculates, his amused voice lifting loud enough to carry across the room. Will’s cheeks flush even hotter at the resounding chuckles that break the tense silence.

“Give him the rest!” One bold member calls out, and suddenly Hannibal’s lips are at his ear, even as the fingers buried within him are held still as stone.

“Would you like that, darling? Shall we take this to new heights?” Hannibal’s free hand appears from seemingly nowhere, brushing through the sweat-soaked curls that cling to Will’s forehead and the nape of his neck, petting soothingly down his spine. “No consequences, my love. We can stop any time you like.”

Will forces his panting lungs to quell, focuses on breathing slow and deep, on forcing his lower muscles to relax. His reply is the mere shadow of a voice, still far too overwhelmed to force projection to the room at large, but he knows Hannibal hears him clearly when he squeaks out, *“More.”*

“Very well, sweet thing,” Hannibal murmurs in reply. He must have expected Will to push himself in this way, or he wanted him to, because he shows no hesitation when he immediately slips part-way out from where his fingers are buried within Will and then tucks his thumb into the mix and presses forward confidently once more.

The stinging ache in his rim is undeniable, and Will knows that it’s torn at least a little. As for the rest of his body...a curious occurrence takes place. He can feel the overwhelming stretch of all Hannibal’s digits probing into him, but deeper still there lies an unignorable *hollowness.* It’s quelled only when Hannibal pushes deeper, slowly, of course, to give Will time to adjust. And Will can feel every shift within him, rejoices in feeling so connected to his lover to have him buried so far within him.

He whines and squirms when the thickest portion of Hannibal's hand breaches his rim, so overjoyed at the near-painful stretch that he nearly misses the moment the stretch *ends,* and his hole closes around an intrusion far *smaller,* even though he can still feel the unignorable fullness deep within his body.

"Be still, beloved. I don't want to hurt you, just want to fill you up how you like." Hannibal encourages Will to spread himself even wider, straining against the straps holding him to the breeding bench, legs so far apart his hips ache with the pressure.

Will mewls pitifully but remains still, holding all the muscles in his body taut while trying to relax around the intrusion of Hannibal's fingers, his entire fist now snuggly settled inside of Will.

"Sir-" Will is breathless with need, a voracious hunger snapping its jaws from deep inside him, desperate to be filled and stretched even wider, to be left well and fully used.

There is the warm tackiness of more oil being spilled out between his cheeks again before Hannibal slowly starts to *move,* his hand now up to the wrist inside Will's ass.

Will has no words left to him, his entire body tight like a bow string, and he can't imagine Hannibal being able to move anymore than he's already managing inside the tight vice of Will's body. He needn't have worried; the man proving him wrong yet again as he starts up a steady pace, punching the air from Will's lungs with how full he feels.

"You look beautiful, my sweet boy. Doing so well for me, I'm so proud of you," Hannibal praises and Will preens internally; he's being *good,* making his Dominant happy.

Hannibal's wrist shifts inside Will's body even as he curves his knuckles to brush against Will's spot, pulling a surprised purr of contentment from Will. He lets himself drift into the honey-slowness and warmth of his headspace, sinking into it like a bath.

He's vaguely aware of Hannibal's body retreating from him, digits disappearing, and leaving him hollow and bereft, until hands begin to stroke soothingly down his back.

He's mostly certain the sounds Hannibal is making are words declaring their scene is over, but he can't quite find the ability to decipher exactly what that means until the straps holding him down are loosened and then freed, and he's being pulled off the breeding bench and guided from the stage and into a small room off to the side.

The door closes softly behind them, Will only barely able to distinguish the sound as he's placed gently on soft sheets, sinking into the feather mattress. His fingertips skim the surface of the blankets, trace along the seams absently. He's euphoric, only partially aware of things happening around him. After what could be minutes or hours, Will suddenly has a desperate, clawing need to be with Hannibal, and he whines pitifully where he has been left alone.

"Shh, darling. None of that. I'm right here, sweet boy." Hannibal's weight is atop him and Will feels perfectly at ease again, floating along without a worry. This is Hannibal's favorite part, he's told Will before, when he gets to hold Will close and watch over him. Take care of him as he comes back to Earth.

Will opens his eyes to a room gone dark but for the coal burning in the fireplace. Hannibal is still holding him close, though his own eyes are flitting delicately in sleep, and Will smiles as he watches him in his peaceful slumber. He must have fallen asleep himself, he's prone to such after particularly grueling scenes. Remembering the earlier events of the night brings a flush to Will's cheeks as he recalls how *full* he'd felt, and as he shifts in the bed he can feel the remnants of the oil between his thighs and the *hollowness* between his legs where he's now so terribly empty.

As though able to sense his wakefulness and dismay, Hannibal's eyes snap open and he takes in Will's features. He always knows precisely what Will needs, always gives him everything he wants, and this time is no different.

"Roll onto your stomach, darling. I'll take care of you." He promises, pressing gentle kisses to Will's rosy cheeks before letting him turn onto his stomach.

Before Will can even catch his breath Hannibal has breached him with two fingers, curving them up expertly to brush against his spot. Will keens at the sensation, clenching down around the welcome intrusion. It feels better, soothing some fire deep within him to have Hannibal like this, to not be empty anymore.

"I'd never have you empty again, sweet Will. I will keep you full and happy for the rest of our days." Hannibal speaks so earnestly that it keeps Will from being embarrassed by having spoken his private thoughts aloud, and he sighs contentedly against the sheets.

"I love you. Thank you for tonight; it was exactly what I'd hoped for." Will ruts shamelessly against the bed, his cock stirring to life beneath him as Hannibal continues to work him over. Will's orgasm hadn't been a part of the scene earlier, and it was as though his body were now demanding to be noticed, his desire desperate to be achieved.

"And I love you, my heart. You performed perfectly for me, just as I expected."

Will comes just like that, quietly crying out into the pillow tucked beneath his cheek as Hannibal slowly and meticulously brings him to his pleasure. As he always has. As Will knows he always shall.

End Notes

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'Til next time! 💚 💜 BellaRai

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